

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1804.

NO. 319

IDDA OF TOKENBURG; OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine.)

[CONTINUED.]

JULIA rose from her seat, walked thoughtfully, without speaking a word, up and down the room; then came back to her mother, and, sitting down by her, said, in a sorrowful tone, "Dear mother, permit me to ask you what you really think of Grubenthal's love for me? Do you think that it is merely that gross inclination of which you say this jealousy is the offspring?"

"Perhaps, Julia, it would be well for you that you should believe it to be so. But I will tell you truly what I think. His love for you, I am ready to grant, is more than merely such an inclination. He admires your understanding, esteems your talents, and loves your generous, tender, and feeing heart. What alone is wanting to him is confidence in you; but confidence in Julia, is the fairest flower of love, from which love is again reproduced. Wherever a lively, firm, unshaken confidence is wanting, love is like a tall and beauteous tree, which has lost its main roots, and which the slightest blast may level with the ground."

"And is it impossible to be happy without this confidence?"

"The tree deprived of its strongest roots may, by accident be spared by the winds; but who would place his parterre of choicest flowers near such a tree, because it is possible that it may be thrown down by the storm? The slightest accident, a smile, a glance, a word, may excite suspicion and jealousy; and other accidents may strengthen it; and the tenderest love, the purest innocence, will afford no protection against the fury of such jealousy—Have you not read the tragedy of the Moor of Venice?"

"The fiction of a poet, dear mother, however admirable, can prove nothing."

"It is admirable, because it is true to nature, and what passes in real life. Can you say that similar accidents may not happen to you? Have you not had proof that much greater trifles may excite the jealousy of your lover?"

"But when I give him indubitable proofs of the sincerity and tenderness of my affection?"

"The more furious will he be, when his suspicions are once aroused, at the thought of the artifice and hypocrisy employed to deceive him. Whole years of the tenderest love, the firmest fidelity, the most indubitable proofs of the purest innocence, disappear in a moment before relentless suspicion. Desdemona loved the Moor, and was innocent; could that protect her from the fury of his jealousy?"

Julia, with a thoughtful and serious air, kissed her mother's hand, and left her without speaking a word. She could not deny that all her mother said was true; but in her heart she heard a voice which pleaded against its intended application; and the first assurance she received from Grubenthal of the sincerity and ardor of his affection erased half the impression which the advice of her mother had made upon her mind."

"There cannot be so much danger," said she to herself. "How can he whose expressions are now so tender, so fond, load me with reproaches and even execration! No it is impossible!"

Some days afterwards Julia received a letter from her young friend Clara, who had lately taken the veil in the convent of Fischingen, requesting that she would come and stay with her a few days. The letter was so pathetically expressive of melancholy and sadness, and so earnestly pressed her to visit her unfortunate friend, that Julia could not refuse to comply with the invitation. She solicited and obtained permission from her father, and hastened, without informing her lover of her journey, to Fischingen, to listen to the sorrows, and soothe the heart, of the unhappy Clara.

"Ah my dearest Julia!" exclaimed Clara, when she saw her, the tears rushing into her eyes, and sinking on her bosom, overpowered by her feelings, "are you at length come? Do my eyes again behold the countenance of her with whom I was once so happy in the cheerful times that are past? Do I again hear a gentle voice at which my heart has no cause to fear? Alas!" added she, in a lower tone, "I am very unhappy, my dear Julia."

Family connections and interests had torn Clara from the arms of a secret lover, and immured her in the solitary gloom of a convent.—This was the first time, when, alas! it was too late, that Julia heard of the love of her friend. She could now only bestow on her a fruitless pity; she could not show her hope, but only advise her to have recourse to the sad comfort—patience.

The two friends sat in a dark walk in the garden of the convent. Julia with a faltering voice, and looks that betrayed the melancholy feelings of her own heart, endeavored to comfort her sad companion; but Clara shook her head, and said, "No Julia! comfort me you cannot, I did not invite you hither with the hope of receiving comfort; I wished to see you, that in your company I might once more recollect the joys of my youth. Here our sorrows end only with death. I am not the only one who sighs in this dreary mansion. Hundreds have sighed here before me, and hundreds more will sigh hereafter, when the grave shall long have closed both on me and my grief."

Clara and Julia thus sat together till the bell called the former to the choir. In the evening, Clara, with a kind of melancholy tenderness, took Julia into the little cell which was allotted to her: "Come, my friend," said she, "I must show you the place where I weep my most soothng tears." She opened the door of a cell, in which was a small altar with a picture over it, and which was dimly lighted by a single lamp. Clara with a kind of enthusiasm dropped on her knees before the altar, raised her blue tearful eyes to the picture and stretched out her arms towards it. Julia looked at the painting, which was the object that received the most light from the lamp. A young and beautiful woman in the dress of a nun was represented as conveyed to the ground by angels from the summit of a steep rocky precipice on which stood a castle. Julia

attentively gazed for some time on the expressively firm but innocent and lovely countenance of this female figure.

"Here," said Clara, stretching forth her hand to Julia, "here where that innocent and lovely woman," pointing to the picture, "wept for twenty years, here where the ground still contains her tears, and the walls her sighs, here, Julia, is my grief delicious. Every evening I fall on my knees before this altar, and implore heaven to bestow on me the resolution which this woman possessed. By contemplating this patient, lovely countenance, I find myself comforted and animated. Here I pass my evenings, and read the history of this noble minded, heaven supported woman, to teach me what strength the female heart possesses; and then how much am I ashamed to think that I am so weak!"

"Who is this saint?" asked Julia, in a low voice, with her eyes still fixed on the picture.

"She was no saint; Julia; she was a woman weak and sinful like me and you. The altar is dedicated to all good angels who protect persecuted innocence."

"And do you know her history Clara? Let me entreat you to relate it to me." The two friends sat down on one seat, and viewed the picture together.

"That firm and lovely woman," said Clara, "was named Idda, and was the daughter of the baron of Kirchberg. She lived several hundred years since, in those unhappy times when the barons of Switzerland were perpetually engaged in deadly feuds and wars with each other. Idda was the most lovely maiden of her time. Her irresistible beauty, but still more the propriety and decorum of her manners, and the spotless purity of her heart, rendered her worthy the affections of the most renowned knight—See, Julia such was her countenance!—In her father's castle she employed herself in silence and retirement with her spindle and the care of household affairs. Her pleasures were the benefactions she bestowed among the poor, and her amusement was her harp. She never went, like the daughters of other knights, to Zurich or Berne to see the jousts and tournaments, nor did she ever dance at the carousals and banquets given at the castle of her father. Avoiding the crowd and tumult of such scenes, she remained in her chamber, attended by her maids. To the poor alone and the unfortunate was she personally known; the knights had only heard the fame of her beauty, her beneficence, her modesty, and her discretion.

The young count Henry of Tokenburg, the friend and ally of the father of Idda, had frequently been at Kirchberg, but had never seen the beautiful Idda, of whom all the attendants of her father's court spoke with ardent admiration. Curiosity prompted him to endeavor to obtain a sight of this lovely but reserved maiden. He therefore assumed the habit of a pilgrim, put on a long false beard, stained his countenance of a pale hue, and, taking his harp, on which he could play exquisitely, went to the castle of his friend, the baron of Kirchberg. There he sat himself down on the pilgrim's-seat, and sang to his harp. He was soon surrounded by the attendants of the castle, who listened with admiration

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to his melodious voice, and his matchless performance on his instruments; but he saw not yet the beautiful Idda. He then proceeded to relate to his wondering auditors an invented story of dangers he had encountered, and the suffering he had endured. All listened to his tale of woe with moistened eyes, and all offered charitable relief to the unfortunate wanderer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry the VI, his Son and Queen (the illustrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbe Provost has given so entertaining a history) afraid of trusting to any person's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and deserts, where they suffered all the extremity of distress, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruffian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend, said she, save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his Queen and Prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

ON THE DEATH OF A RICH MAN.

MAN giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Where, indeed! Look around ye, on the day when his death is announced, in the place where his life was passed:—Where is he? Seek him in the countenances of his neighbors; they are without a cloud—he is not there. The faces, upon which he has closed his eyes forever, continue as cheerful as they were before. His death is reported in the social circle; the audience receive it with indifference, and forget it with haste. The seriousness with which it is heard, springs rather from human pity, or from moral reflection, than from social distress; and in a moment, the current of convivial mirth recovers the liveliness of its flow. The business and the pleasures of the place proceed with usual spirit; and perhaps, in the house which stands next to that in which he lies an unconscious lump of clay, in the cheerless chamber of silence and insensibility, the noise of music and dancing is heard, and the roof resounds with jubilee and joy. Wait but a few days after his interment: Seek him now in the faces of his kinsmen; they have resumed their cheerfulness; now, he is not there. When few years have circled over his sepulchre—go, search for the fugitive, in his dark retreat from human notice; his very relics are vanished; he is not now even there; stay a little longer, and thou shalt seek in vain for a stone to tell thee in what part of the land of oblivion he was laid; even that frail memorial of him, of whatever materials it was made, has mouldered away—"Man dieth; and where is he?"

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES TO THE MISS.—

Who often entertained the writer, with a number of favorite airs upon the Piano.

*O strike again the thrilling wires,
And wake the notes, that joy inspires;
Brisk their movement, full and flowing,
Thro' every trembling fibre glowing,
Mustering up the jocund spirits,
(That prick the heart, where grief inherits.)
But dancing to the air—"believe me,
Never more my love shall leave me."*

*Now shift the note, and change the measure,
Touch the chord of pensive pleasure;
Untwist the secret links that bind
The soft emotions of the mind;
Let pity come, with downcast eye,
And sorrow heave her deep felt sigh,
In musing silence, pace the plain,
Where, "fled the wits of crazy Jane."*

CAROLAN.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FARMER.

(Translated from the Italian.)

*THERE liv'd a gentleman, whose head
Was full of philosophic notions;
Who had ten thousand volumes read,
Which fill'd his mind with strange emotions.
He owned a very large estate,
Whose annual crops were rich and great.*

*To farmer Ralph he sent one day,
Who came with ill presentation;
Ralph, I intend to change my way,
And former mode of cultivation:
To weeds and tares no more a foe,
I mean to let them thrive and grow.*

*No argument can I discern,
Against poor weeds for force employing,
The darnel cockle weed and fern,
Henceforth good Ralph, forbear destroying—
Free let them rise 'midst rival grain,
And taste the blessings of the plain.*

*Ralph scratch'd his head, and gap'd with wonder,
Attack a-day! sir, why this change?
Fool cries his lord, with voice of thunder,
Why should your numskull think it strange?
To root up weeds there is no reason,
Against the rights of plants 'tis treason.*

*Each has an equal right to live,
To which its life kind nature yields,
And why should wheat and barley thrive,
Despotic tyrants of the fields?
The smallest blade by man that dies
Draws tears from philosophic eyes.*

*Ralph scrap'd obedience and departed,
Much wond'ring at his lord's conceit,
The weeds uncull'd in thousands started,
And chock'd the barley, corn, and wheat,
The harvest realiz'd Ralph's fears,
Yielding but few and barren ears.*

*Away flies Ralph, and tells his master,
That all his granaries empty lay.
And whence, cries he, this dire disaster,
Have tempests swept my crops away?
No please your worship—no, quoth he,
'Twas what you call philosophy.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the King endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, "I can not enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me."—The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the King, whereupon he kindly furnished with a subject, by asking, "From whence do you come?"—"from a small village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning"—"How much does she gain daily by it?" "Six pence" "But she cannot live well on that?" "In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you never send her any thing?" "O yes! I have sent her at different times a few dollars." "That was bravely done you are a good boy. You have a great deal of trouble with me—have patience—I shall endeavor to lay something by for you, if you behave well." Thus the conversation ended. A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian's turn to set up with the King, he called him to his bedside, and said, "Look in that window; and you will find something which I have laid by for you." The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went to the King, with two in his hand, and said, "Am I to have these?" "Yes," replied the good monarch, "All of them, and your mother has received some likewise." The boy, on enquiry, heard to his great joy and surprise, she had 100 rix dollars settled on her for life.

LIBERTINE.

THE sex in general seem to coincide in one opinion, that the reformed rake makes the best husband; but they do not always recollect that there are various sorts of libertines. For instance, a young man who has been led to exceed the bounds of prudence, with respect to the fashionable follies of the day, if he possesses a good understanding and a good heart, when the hey-day of youth is over, and the passions become calm, such a one may see his past errors in a proper light; and, if perchance, he should meet with an amiable and virtuous woman, whose mental qualifications capacitate her to become the companion of a man of sense, there is more than an equal chance of their experiencing as much possible happiness as this world can afford! But when a woman falls into the hands of a libertine, whose heart is corrupt, who is a gambler and a drunkard, what happiness can be expected? In such a man capable of friendship, affection or honor? Yet if this very vicious character is possessed of a handsome person, and genteel in his address, he may easily captivate a young, inexperienced woman, if he really admires her person: but alas! her happiness, if she marries him, will be but of short duration; for, when his short-lived passion subsides, neither her sense nor accomplishments will have any power to keep him from returning to his former pursuits. A man of a corrupt heart is not capable of a virtuous friendship; can a connection, founded in sentiments and affection, subsist but between persons who act upon the highest principles of virtue and honor?

A HAPPY NOBLEMAN.

HENRY IV. of France was so sensible of the felicity of an independent situation unconnected with the court, that he used to say, "Happy is the nobleman who has five thousand francs a year, and does not know me."

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO PHILANDER.

Of moaning Turtles lovelorn sighs,
Philander's muse may tell;
And sure such artless freedom claims,
His Charlotte best farewell.
Can he that fondly hopes to move,
Such freedom thus presume;
Were wisdom sits upon her throne,
It will receive its doom.
Think not that she your tale believes,
However true it may be;
For sighs nor tears can her deceive,
When they are both so free.
But if your tale be free from art,
And love your heart invests;
Comfort to you may she impart,
And calm your throbbing breast.
And may she feel that blazing fire,
Which caused you to mourn;
Be kindled with a great desire,
To make your wish her own.
Then will you take her to the groves,
Where in yore oft have mourn'd;
And bless the hour when first you lov'd,
A mind so well adorn'd.

DORVAL.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Inspector reports, are, Adults 18—Children 32—Total 50.

A French child between 8 and 9 years old, a girl, has been fortunately saved from the dreadful slaughter at Cape Francois, by the exertions of a young man who was then supercargo, lying at that port. She informs her name is *Elizabeth Pierce Morgan*, that her father's name is *John Pierce Morgan*: that he was a carpenter and made his escape the time of the evacuation of the Cape. If there is any charitable relative to this child who wishes to know any of the particulars relating to her escape they will be informed by enquiring of *Wm. B. Wanton*, at the counting house of *James Biays*, Esq. merchant in Baltimore, who was her fortunate deliverer.

BALTIMORE, September 15.

On Saturday was committed to jail, at Baltimore on respectable testimony, Peter Dashfield aged 13 years of age, for the supposed murderer of *Benjamin Brown*, aged 11 years, by stabbing him in the groin, which occasioned his death half an hour after the act was perpetrated.

The prisoner being interrogated declared his innocence and that he never had a quarrel with the deceased; that he was in Mr. Hewitt's yard when he heard the deceased cry out; he then ran and informed Mr. Hewitt that Benjamin was stabbed, and went up stairs and endeavored to prevent a boy that was there going to see the boy, as he said the people might suspect him as being guilty of the crime.

Philip Brown examined.—He worked with Mr. Hewitt, along with the deceased and the prisoner, was no relation of the deceased. The prisoner came running into the shop immediately after the boy was stabbed, confused and crying, and told him that Benjamin was stabbed, he seized him by the arm and he struggled and got away from him. On being interrogated, he said that the prisoner and the deceased had a quarrel and were to have had a fight.

Eli Hewitt.—The prisoner ran to him and in-

formed him that Benjamin was stabbed. While he was telling him the deceased came to the door and fled, and Peter ran up stairs. Mr. H took the boy in his arms, who was insensible, and shook him, asking him who injured him but he could not articulate. He then sent for medical aid.

Conrad Reinicker.—Being at his stable door, about 30 yards from where the boy was stabbed—he heard a scream and saw a boy run down the alley and the wounded boy pointing after him. The boy turned the corner and he lost sight of him. Saw Mr. Hewitt's negro woman run after the boy but could not see any boy when she came to the corner. No boy in the alley but the wounded boy and the boy that ran from him, nor no boy in sight in any direction.

The same testimony was given by a boy of Mr. Reinicker.

The prisoner wished Henry Roberts to be called who could give no kind of evidence except hearsay.

The Magistrate ordered the prisoner to be brought to where the dead body was lying, in custody of Messrs. Armstrong and Griffin. On their return they deposed:

That they took the prisoner to where deceased lay persuaded the boy to touch the body—he trembled exceedingly. Several persons touched the body and he then drew his hand slightly over the body and on his touching the wound gently with his finger, it spouted out blood quite fresh.

Nicholas Snyder.—Went to see the body—saw the prisoner touching the body and the blood coming from the wound—his hand trembled like a leaf and laid it on the body with great fear and very lightly. On the blood coming from the wound he almost fainted and withdrew to get some water. He drew back several times to prevent his touching the body. Several other persons touched it without effect.

Mr. Gough.—Saw the constables taking the boy to where the dead body lay. He then had curiosity to see them. He saw the boy touch the body, and on his touching the wound the first time the wound bled, and on the second time touching it the wound actually opened and bled afresh. John Lynch touched the body, and he did likewise three times, and no kind of alteration either on the body or wound.

The above are the depositions taken before me, this day, 15th Sept. 1804.

WM. DUNCAN.

TROY, September 14, 1804.

We learn from Lansburgh, that a shocking accident befel a son of Mr. J. D. Selden, of that village, a lad of about 13 years of age, on Friday last. All the circumstances which have come to our knowledge are, that in the forenoon of that day he went out with a gun, with the design of shooting pigeons: that he did not return, neither could he be found till the after part of the next day: when—awful sight! he was discovered with the one side of his face entirely shot away.

SALEM, (Mass.) September 12.

Amos Smith, a promising lad about thirteen years of age, son of Mr. Thaddeus Smith, was viewing the machinery of a grist-mill, the cog-wheel unfortunately caught his shirt sleeves, and drew him in between the wheel and truncheon, which bruised him in such a manner as put an immediate period to his existence.

A child of Mr. Nathan Parker of Framingham, about four years old, fell into a well on the 20th inst. and was not discovered till dead.

COURT OF HYMEN.

O Marriage! thou balm and rich succor of life,
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

MARRIED.

ON Saturday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Phebus, Mr. John L. Cock, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Frost, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. Gilbert Hunt, printer, to Miss Magdalene Allen, both of this city.

At Schenectady, Mr. Joseph Van Zandt, to Miss Magdalene Peever, both of that place.

At Baltimore, Mr. Michael Shears, to Miss Phoebe Mall.

At Pawlings, on Saturday the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dythinek, Mr. Gideon Thompson, aged seventy five, to Miss Ann West, late of Rhode-Island, aged sixty nine.

At Lancaster, Mr. P. Stephen Smith, Esq. & co Miss Elizabeth Ruggles. It is worthy of remark, that each party entered their ninety-third year, on the day they approached the altar of Hymen.

MORTALITY.

O mortal, wander where you will,
Your destiny is cast,
The rising stone and the green hill,
Proclaim your rest at last.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, at Mount-Pleasant, of a lingering illness, Mr. JOHN K. BANCER, merchant, of this city; greatly lamented by his numerous friends and relatives.

On Thursday evening, at his seat near Greenwich, of a bilious fever, JOHN OOTHOUT, Esq. aged 64—one of the most respectable merchants of this city; he is greatly lamented by all who knew him.

In Elizabeth-Town, on Friday last, of a consumption, in his 24th year, Mr. DANIEL DAYTON, (son of Daniel) and late of the firm of Daniel and Jonathan Dayton, of this city.

Same place, on Saturday evening last, of a nervous fever, Miss HENRIETTA L. WILLIAMSON, in the 25 year of her age, daughter of Matthias Williamson, jun. Esq.

At Kentucky, Rev. JOHN GANO, aged 79 formerly a baptist Minister in this city.

Lately at Paris, of a consumption, WILLIAM TEMPLE BROOME, son of John Broome, Esq. of this city.

ERRATA.—in the piece signed Philander in last Weeks Museum, line 12, for "hail" read "heal"—line 18, read "on their Summits."

Just received and for sale at this Office,

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OR THE SPECULATOR.

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COURT OF APOLLO.

WOMAN.

WHEN Nature own'd the Almighty's hand,
When planets roll'd at his command,
And senseless clay in man was warm'd,
The last great work then unperform'd.

Was woman.

For this, the dormant Adam's side,
Unconsciously a rib supplied;
Awake—his bosom rapture swell'd,
For lo! within his arms he held,

A woman.

To soothe his woes, his cares to share,
And thus his pristine loss repair;
'Twas surely Heav'n's kind design,
That man unto his side should join,

A woman.

A woman's tear, a woman's sigh,
The magic of a woman's eye,
Her mild and gentle accents prove,
The joys allied to wedded love,

And woman.

To weave the silken cobweb snare,
With syren song allure the ear,
With charms resistless rule the heart,
Of happy lover, is the art,

Of woman.

When vex'd with busy toils of day,
To ease the tired man gives way,
With converse sweet the hours beguiles,
Repels dull cares with placid smiles

Of woman.

What tempts to plough the stormy main,
Or roam to distant climes for gain!
What prompts the willing hand to toil,
But beauty's weakness, beauty's smile—

But woman;

When journeying on with weary pace,
To meet again the fond embrace,
What cheers the way-worn travellers gloom,
But thoughts of long regretted home,

And woman.

When pensive grief bends o'er the grave,
To weep the friend it could not save;
And silent sheds on friendship's bier,
The tribute of a falling tear,

'Tis woman's.

And when affliction's mournful tale,
Or sorrow's notes her ear assail,
Or then escape the rising sigh,
A glistening tear bedews the eye

Of woman.

ANECDOTE.

A Frenchman being condemned to be hanged, when the rope was putting about his neck, exclaimed pitifully, "Miserecordie! miserecordie!" (mercy! mercy!) on which the hangman cried out, "Measure the cords, you thief, its long enough to hang a dozen such thin rogues as you are."

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Sept. 8, 1804. 816 1st.

MORALST.

"To aid the cause of Virtue and Religion."

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Behold the pleasing scene, the master of a family influenced by the spirit of religion, walking before his house with a perfect heart!—See him assisting with soft language of conjugal affection the cares of his partner, and by a thousand tender offices, endearing himself to his little flock; see his kindness, hear his tenderness to his servants, and behold him smile on all around, the mild influences of love run down from every branch and diffuse general happiness. Here dwell peace and harmony, the hospitable dome, unfolds its doors and bids a cheerful welcome to the gentle visitor, whose enlivening conversation adds greatly to the pleasure of the scene,—nor does the child of distress and want ever supplicate relief in vain.

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